

MARVEL

512

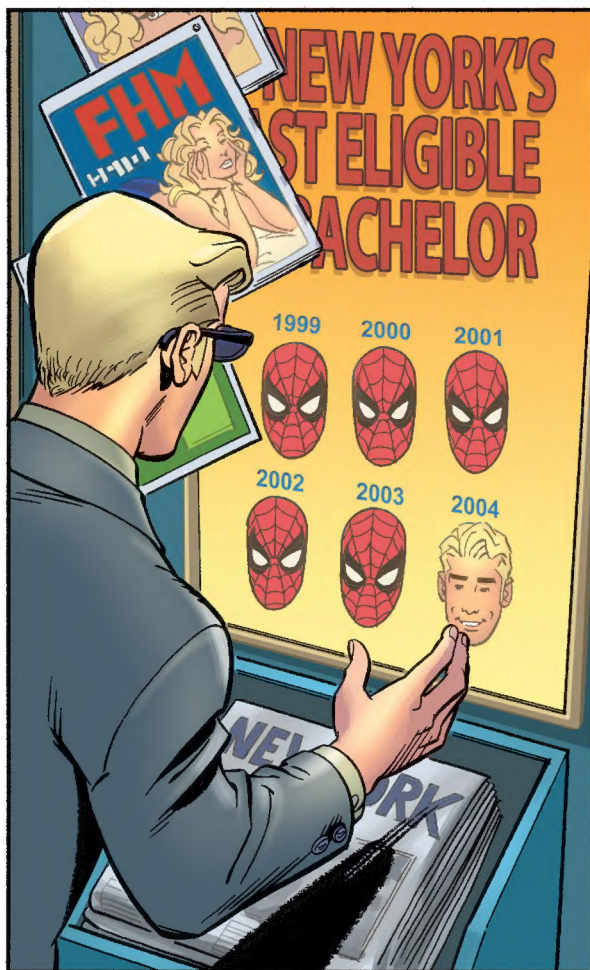
WAID
WIERINGO
KESEL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four









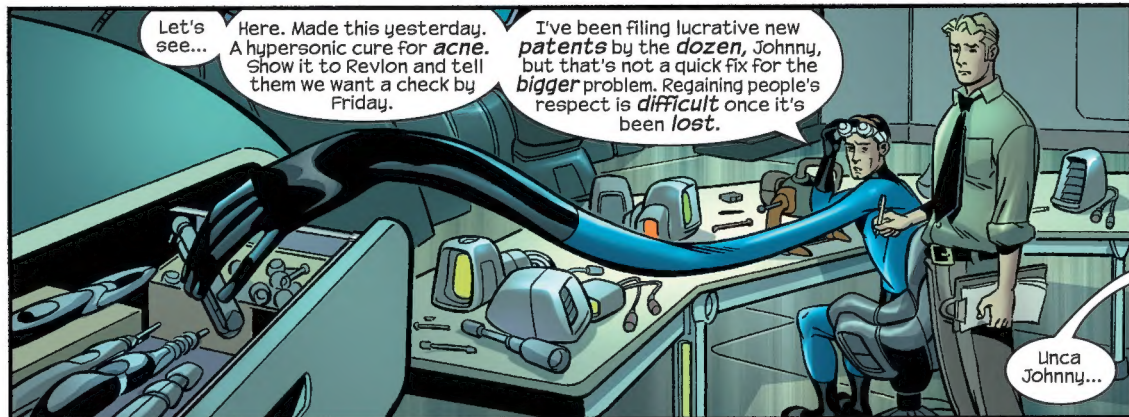
...and by using this device to store and divide photonic wavelengths into *subangstrom units*, I should be able to intercept the brain's *electrostatic alpha waves*.



Then-- Less talking. More *geniusing*.

If the FF's gonna get out of the *public doghouse*, we're gonna need cash to fund some P.R.--and as our CFO, I'll *remind* you our coffers are capital-M *empty*.

The *money*, we can *manage*.



Let's see...

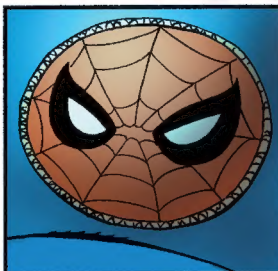
Here. Made this yesterday. A hypersonic cure for *acne*. Show it to Revlon and tell them we want a check by Friday.

I've been filing lucrative new *patents* by the *dozen*, Johnny, but that's not a quick fix for the *bigger* problem. Regaining people's respect is *difficult* once it's been *lost*.

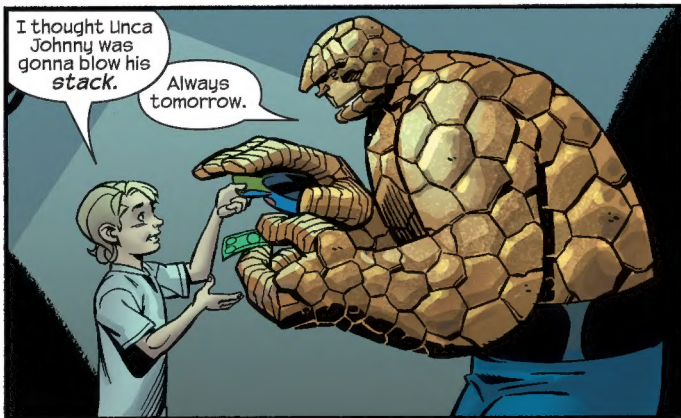
Unca Johnny...



...it's okay. Second place is nothin' to be *'shamed* of.



How was that, Unca Ben?



I thought Unca Johnny was gonna blow his *stack*.

Always tomorrow.

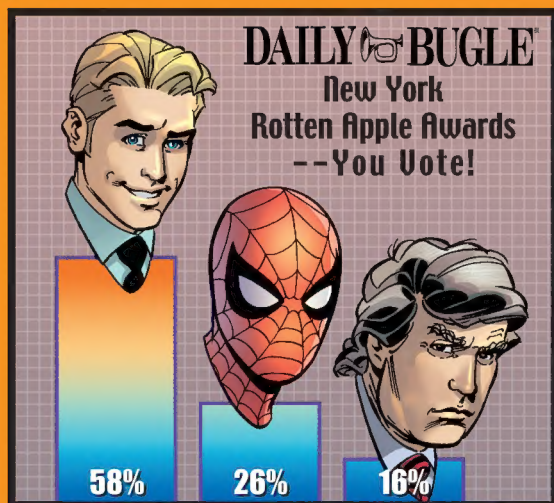
THE FANTASTIC FOUR

1 A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

2 Ben died during a battle with Dr. Doom—but has voluntarily returned from Heaven rather than allow Reed to blame himself for Ben's death. It was a noble thought—but it carries consequences.

3 During that same battle with Doom, the Fantastic Four took drastic steps that badly undercut public faith in the team, forcing Reed to forfeit his patents to the government to avoid imprisonment and leaving the FF to start from scratch to rebuild their fortune and their good name.

4 It could be going better.



STAN LEE PRESENTS
"SPIDER SENSE"



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publisher

STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY
the ultimate spin

**Part
1 of 2**



Hey, Mr. Popularity! Long time, no heckle!

What's the emergency? Shouldn't you be out kissing hands and shaking babies or something?

Those animal shelters won't burn themselves down, y'know.

Shut up. I need some ad...

...advuuuhhhuh...

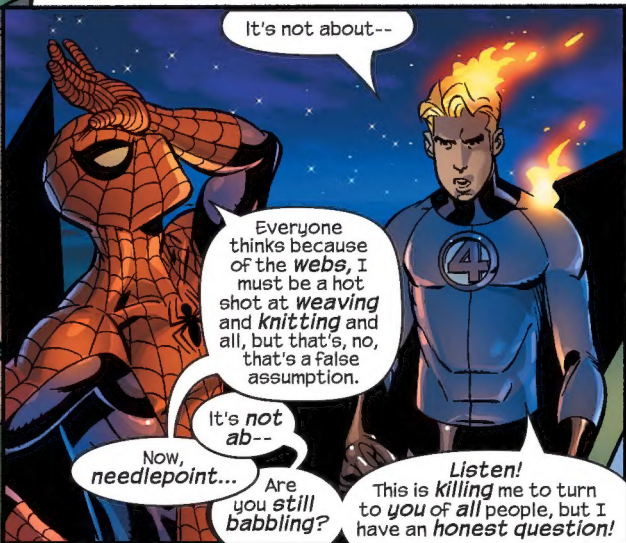


Advice?

Advice. From me?

I know. I can't believe it, either. But you're the go-to guy on this particular problem.

I told you before, I don't know anything about macrame.



It's not about--

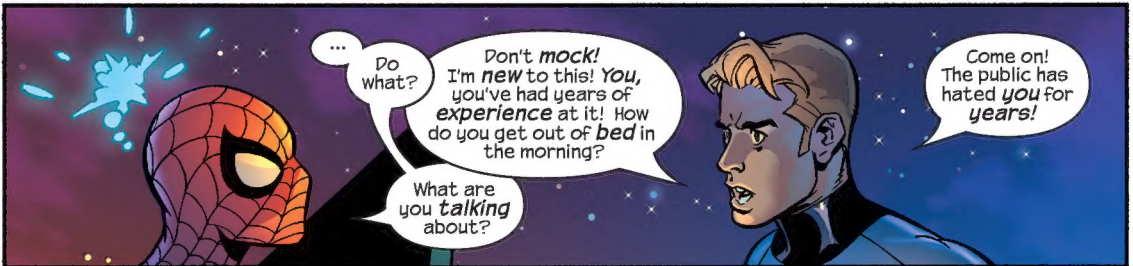
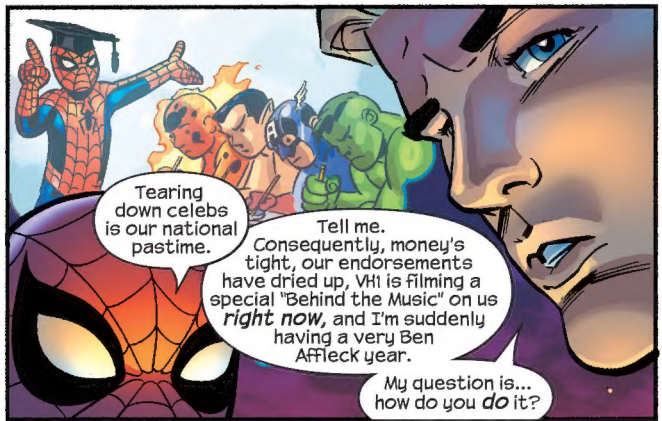
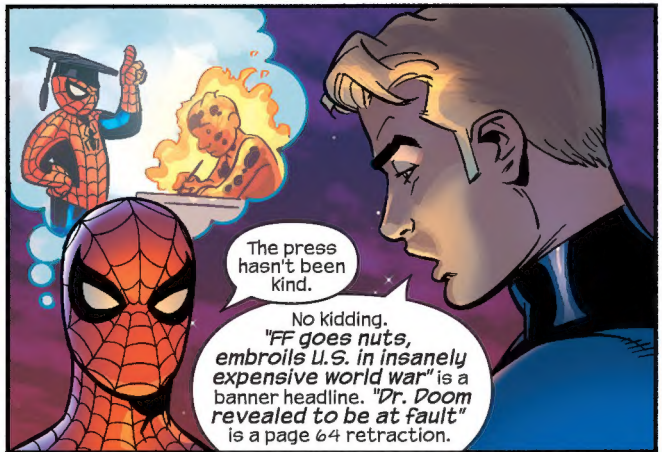
Everyone thinks because of the *webs*, I must be a hot shot at *weaving* and *knitting* and all, but that's no, that's a false assumption.

It's not ab--

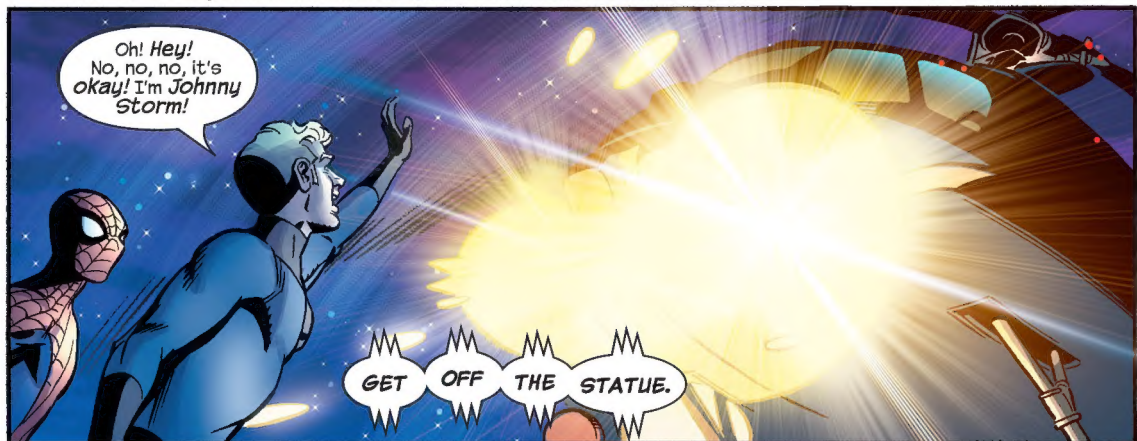
Now, needlepoint...

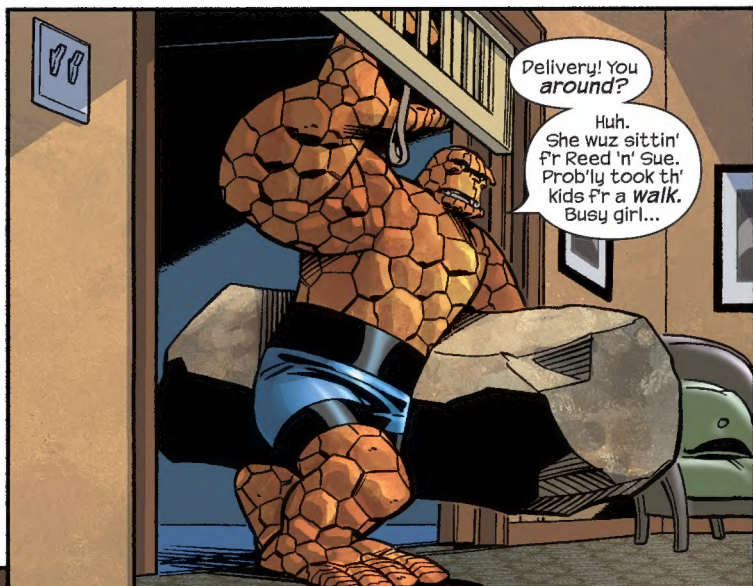
Are you still babbling?

Listen! This is *killing* me to turn to *you* of all people, but I have an *honest* question!



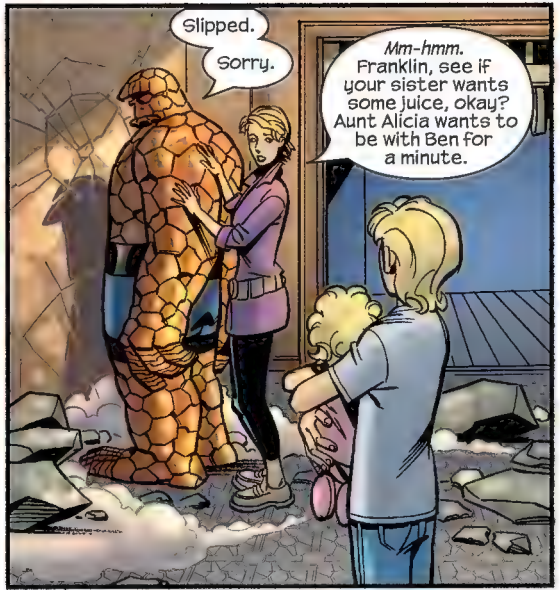






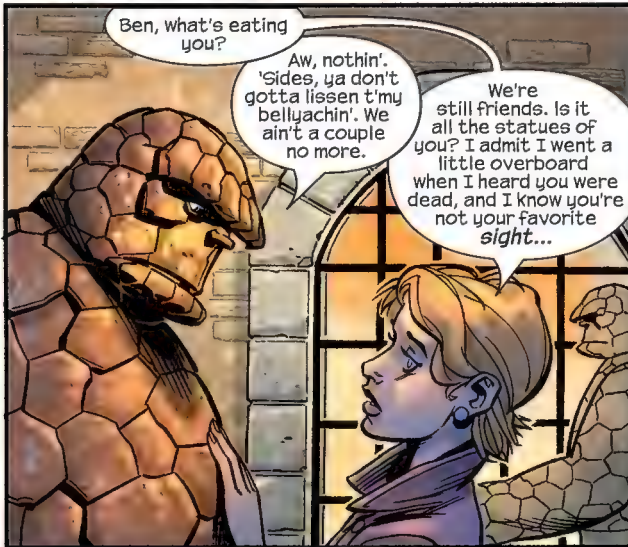


BEN!
Are you
all right?
What was that
noise?



Slipped.
Sorry.

Mm-hmm.
Franklin, see if
your sister wants
some juice, okay?
Aunt Alicia wants to
be with Ben for
a minute.



Ben, what's eating
you?

Aw, nothin'.
'Sides, ya don't
gotta lissen t'my
bellyachin'. We
ain't a couple
no more.

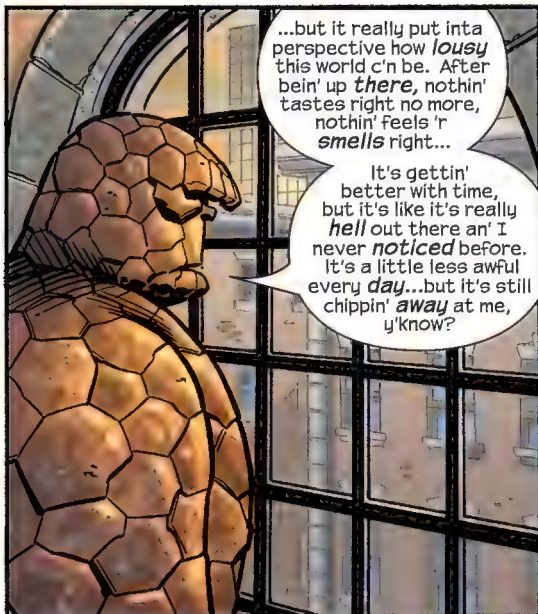
We're
still friends. Is it
all the statues of
you? I admit I went a
little overboard
when I heard you were
dead, and I know you're
not your favorite
sight...



It's
just...

They
remind me,
y'know?

I guess
I made th'
right call leavin'
Heaven *behind*
'n' all, but...



...but it really put into
perspective how *lousy*
this world c'n be. After
bein' up *there*, nothin'
tastes right no more,
nothin' feels 'r
smells right...

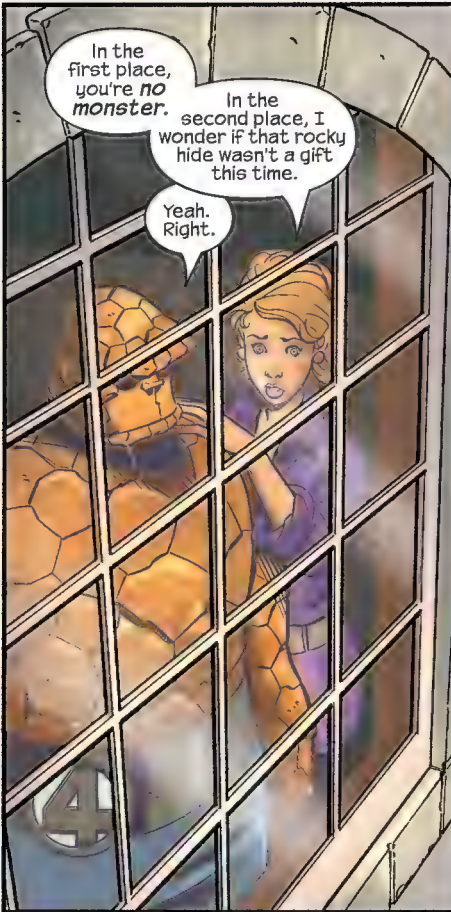
It's gettin'
better with time,
but it's like it's really
hell out there an' I
never *noticed* before.
It's a little less awful
every *day*...but it's still
chippin' *away* at me,
y'know?



An' t'make it worse,
I gotta come back
ta *this* ugly
mug.

It ain't *fair*.
Reed gets t' come
back with *his* face
all *fixed*, but *me*,
I'm still...

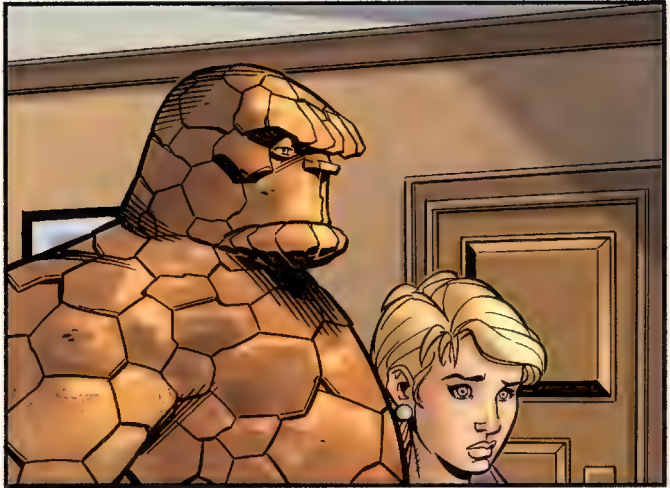
...I'm
still wearin'
monster
skin.



In the first place, you're *no* monster.

In the second place, I wonder if that rocky hide wasn't a gift this time.

Yeah. Right.



Warm day. Spring finally sprung. Was it just last week it was freezing out?

'Bout. You dress pretty warm, though.

I hate the cold.



I've noticed. Why izzat?

Because my fingers are so sensitive, anything much below fifty degrees cuts them to the bone.

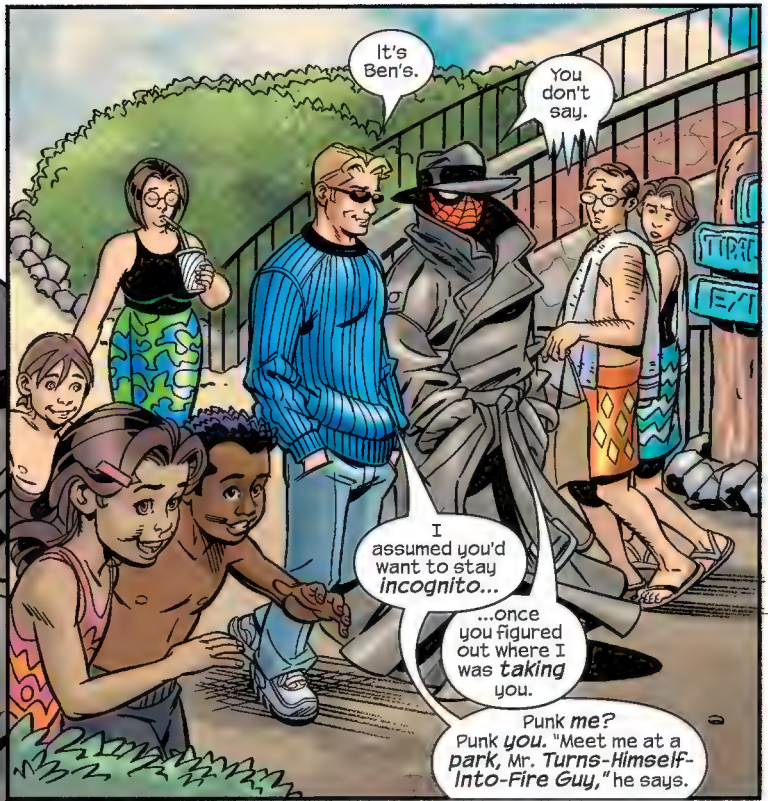
Yeowch. How d'ya stand it?

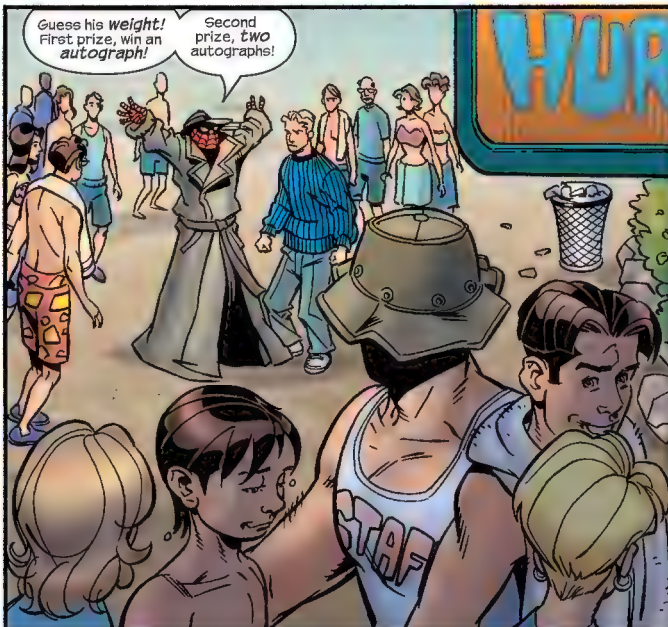


I wear gloves.



Man, how did I ever let you go...?











Take him where?

It's just something they say. So what are you--

--waiting for? Just making room so I can--

FLAME ON!

Don't worry, folks! The Human Torch will save you!

Oh, dear Lord!



Whoops.

I'm ruined! Ruined!



Aaaugh! I hate crowds!

Likewise, I'm sure! Are you gonna be any help?

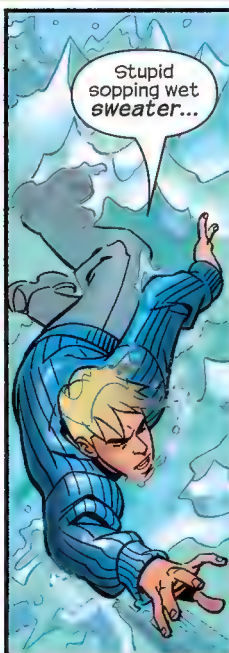
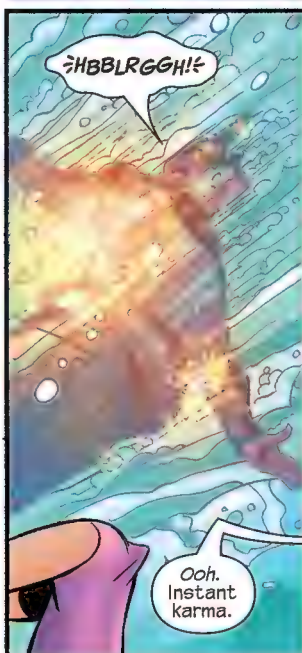
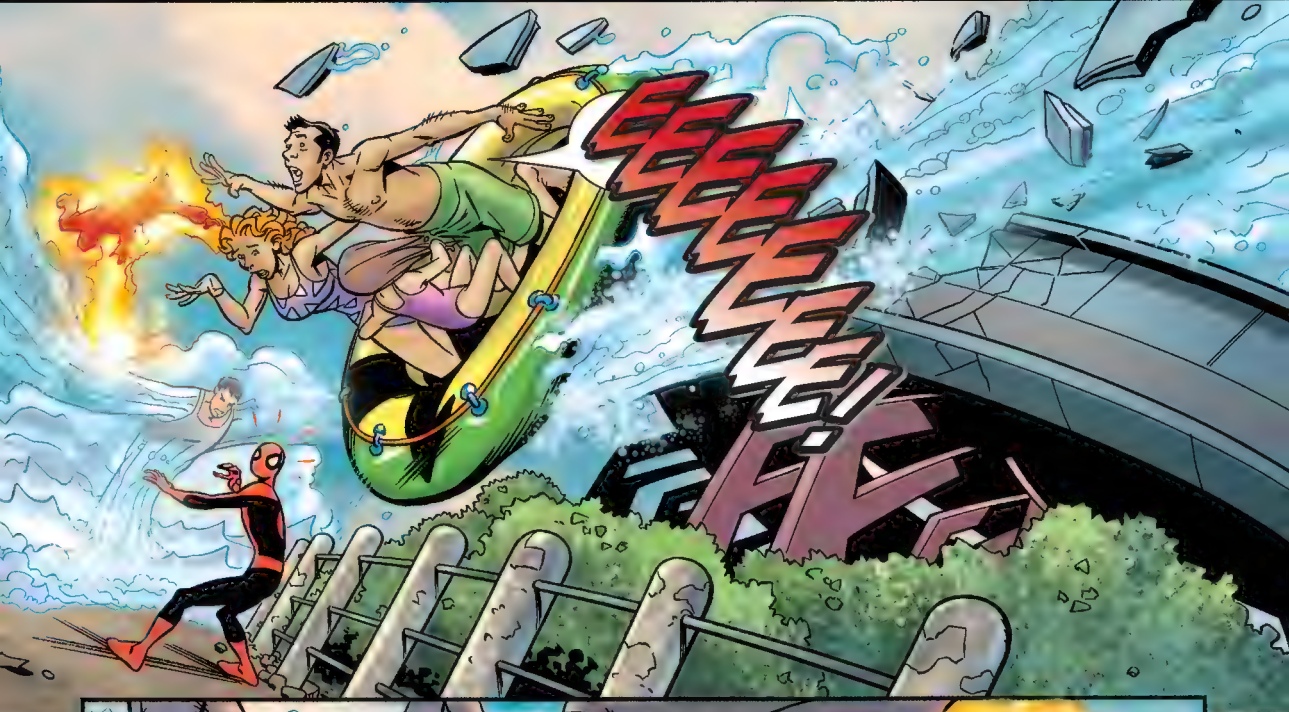
Absotively! Let me get some altitude for safety's sake--

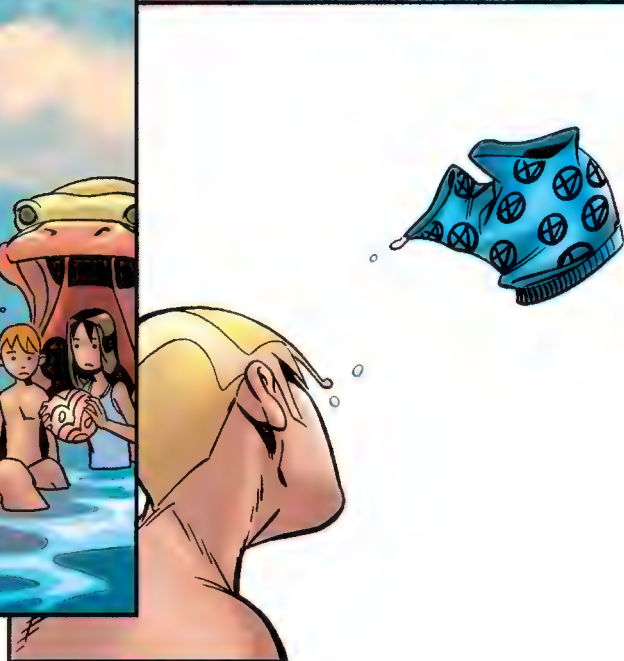
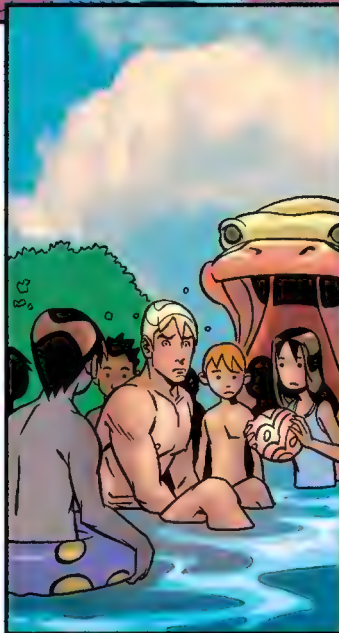
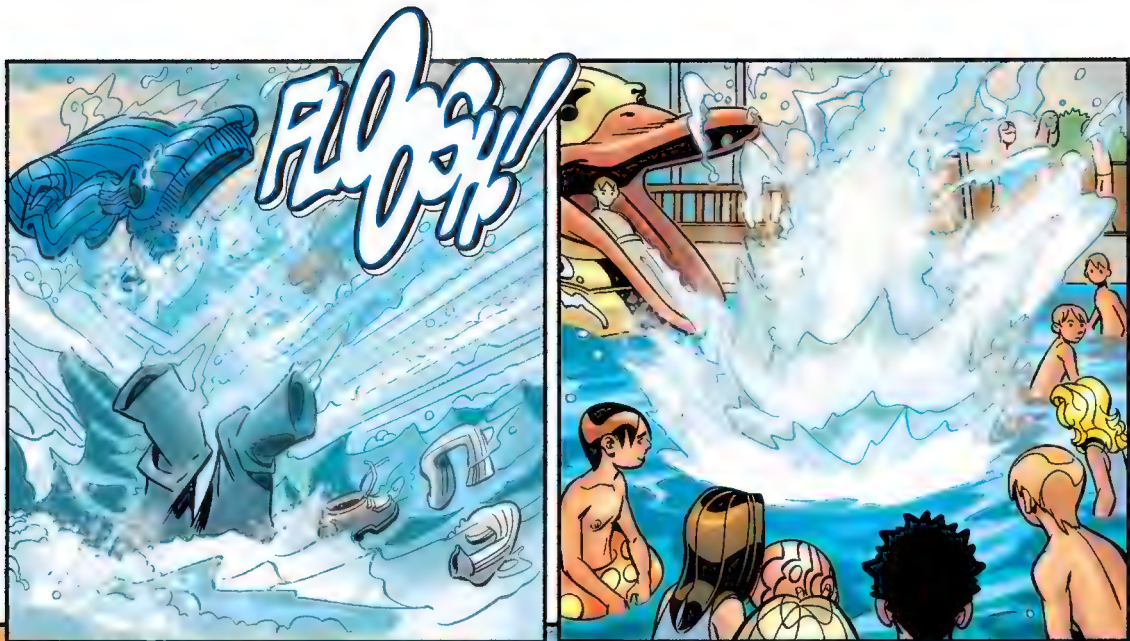


--and I'll find this lunatic's boiling point! Hydro, dude, calm down! We're not looking for trouble!

Sssss

GHAAH!





**I
HAVE NO
PANTS!**



TO BE CONTINUED...



